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tempt." The truth that lies back of this is one of the profoundest in philosophy: "All human science, all human faiths, all human conduct, assume, expand, confirm, the correlation between knowledge and reality." These are good words, and most of us would hear them with inward satisfaction even if they were unsupported by other argument. Further, the author explains the various degrees of certainty in knowledge, the value and danger of jumping at conclusions, and the fallibility of formal logic. His chapter on "The Worth and Way of Self-Knowledge" is almost as good for moderns as were the doctrines of Socrates for the young men of Athens, and certainly is as much needed. In this chapter, besides clarifying many other matters, Dr. Ladd shows in rather startling fashion how much scientific truth is expressed in such common sayings as "He is not the same man as he was twenty years ago," or, "Be a real man"; the cold fact being that "different men are real, self-same, and one with themselves in very different degrees."

If overmuch philosophizing have made us mad, Dr. Ladd's book will do much to restore us to sanity; if we are intellectually unambitious because we are muddled without knowing it, or because we are indolent so far as "subjective" thought is concerned, and consequently deficient in self-knowledge, the same book will help to rouse us to a deeper consciousness.

REMINISCENCES OF TOLSTOY. By HIS SON, COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY. New York: The Century Company, 1914.

Tolstoy—perhaps the man of most commanding character, of most widespread influence upon ethical thought and feeling, and of most interesting personality, who has lived into our time—is portrayed by his son with an affectionate frankness and an outspoken charm that place him in an entirely new and a most attractive light. Wholly uncontroversial in tone, and equally free from unfilial complaint and from special pleading, Count Ilya's book is the most effective preventive of superficial or sneering criticisms of his father that could have been composed. For it shows Tolstoy as a father, as a husband, as a man among other men, as a keen and gentle humorist—it shows, indeed, the real man.

The volume is as remarkable for its illustrations as for its text, and there is such a harmony between the two that it may not be amiss to speak of the pictures first, as the more immediately striking. There is one photograph, in particular, which shows the Tolstoy family at dinner: the two central figures might almost have been transferred from the canvas of an Italian religious painter; the remaining figures may strongly remind us—particularly if we happen to be of New England ancestry—of our own great-aunts and great-uncles and old family friends. Now this is precisely the note of the whole book—the servant in the house, the saint in the family—*our* family—and yet the man. Again and again we are made to feel what we often do feel in connection with Russian memoirs—that the Russian people, however sharply differing from us in national and institutional mind, are the most like us of any race in the thought and feeling of every day. The points wherein they differ from and excel us are self-knowledge, its concomitant insight into human nature, and the power of self-expression; but these faculties are the very ones that enable them to paint pictures of life in which we recognize a resemblance to ourselves.

Perhaps the most engaging trait of his father that Count Ilya reveals is

that combination of sympathy and delicate pleasantry in dealing with children which is characteristic of the men natively gifted for the rôle of father. At one time the children were engaged in reading a very long, dull, and pointless English novel, "of which," says Count Ilya, "all that I now remember is that the hero once remarked, 'I am lonely and bored.'" The children—with that imaginative daring and enterprise which youngsters so often have and then mysteriously lose—proceeded to dramatize the story and play it out with paper dolls for actors. Tolstoy, observing them, cut out from an illustrated paper a man who was entirely pink. "This," said he, "is Adolphe." And promptly Adolphe was given a part; he became, indeed, so essential that the story would have seemed wholly pointless without him as hero.

It is this sort of thing that draws us closest to the great man, and there is rather more of this than there is of discussion concerning what may be called the conventional points of interest in Tolstoy's life. It is better to learn of his clairvoyance in dealing with his children and friends—and to realize thereby that literary insight is not merely a trick of the imagination, but a faculty of the soul—than to read of his habits of literary composition; though we read of these, too. In speaking of his father's attitude toward persons outside the family, as well as those within it, Count Ilya evinces a racial subtlety and warm-heartedness. He shows, for instance, that Tolstoy and Turgenyef loved each other so well that they could by no means be content with relations of ordinary good will, yet that they differed so violently in temperament and intellect that their attempts to draw closer together invariably resulted in quarrels. Turgenyef was always complaining of Tolstoy's "waste" of his great literary powers. "Lyof Tolstoy," he wrote in 1860, "continues to play the crank. It was evidently written in his stars. When will he turn his final somersault and stand on his feet at last?" He could neither contentedly allow his friend to go his own way, nor subdue his own great mind even for a moment to the other's, as great or greater.

What Count Ilya makes plain regarding his father's change of heart—the change that transformed the "former jovial and high-spirited ring-leader and companion of his children" into the stern and censorious propagandist—is that Tolstoy suffered severely not only in conscience (as the fanatic and born self-tormentor suffer), but as keenly in his affections, and (as the normal man suffers) through the suppression of that part of himself that loved ease, humor, joyousness, a well-ordered life—all that constitutes *pleasantness* or *happiness*, but not *blessedness*. A new light is thrown upon the motives of Tolstoy's "flight" near the end of his life, and it is suggested, among other things, that if his youngest son, "Vanitchka," had lived, much might have been different.

Hardly can one begin to know Tolstoy's character justly without reading Count Ilya's book.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE. By MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1914.

To live a full, rich, and varied life, actively combining the social and intellectual elements; to know great affairs, the humor and the humors of the great; to "fit in" everywhere and yet to be always oneself—this can be the lot of but few mortals. How to do all this with sufficient seriousness and